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In 2014, he was recognized by the Presidency of Colombia as one of the 100 Most Influential Colombians in the World.

To Deny God Is Megalomania brings together hymns and poems in which spiritual experience becomes philosophical, theological, and poetic revelation. Through the voice of Petrus Romanus, the work explores holiness, the union of humanity with God, truth, love, immortality, and the moral responsibility born of recognizing oneself as part of a single creation.

At the heart of the book lies a paradox: true pride does not consist in affirming that God dwells within humanity, but in believing that human beings can exist apart from Him. The ego is the wall that separates us from fullness, while love, charity, and truth lead toward union with the Creator.

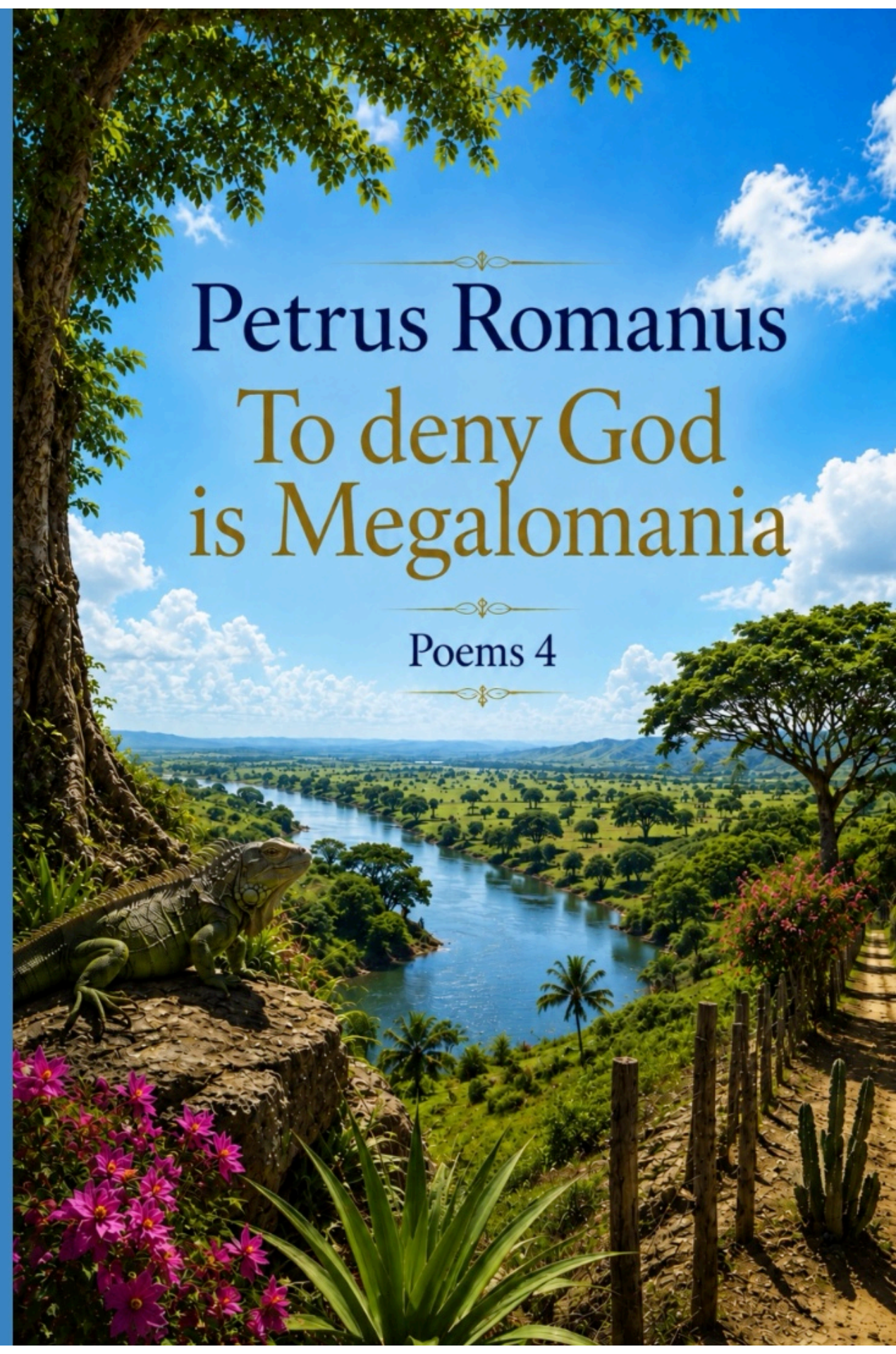
To deny God is Megalomania

Petrus Romanus

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Poems 4



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Pilate said, “What is truth?” Jesus answered, “Truth is from heaven.” Pilate asked, “Then is there no truth upon earth?” Christ answered, “I am the Truth; behold how the Truth is judged upon earth by those who possess earthly authority.”

— *The Gospel of Nicodemus (Acts of Pilate)*, Greek
Recension B, Chapter III.

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Prologue

This book offers devotional poetry while presenting a theological treatise. It is also a prophetic testimony expressed through verse, where autobiography, metaphysics, ethics, political philosophy, and mystical experience converge into a single literary voice.

Petrus Romanus is the prophetic identity revealed to Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira, witness to visions, to dreams, to an inner dialogue with the divine that had its main mystical epiphany in Madras, India, on June 1, 2011, and has continued unabated ever since.

That experience would eventually give rise to the metaphysical work *Being God: Global Metaphysics*, as well as to the poetic cycle written under the name *Petrus Romanus*, of which *Truth Is Holiness* constitutes the third volume.

Readers confront questions that modern thought has often preferred to postpone:

What is truth?

What does it mean to believe?

Can holiness exist outside institutional religion?

Is justice possible without violence?

Above all, what becomes of the human person when the ego ceases to occupy the center of existence?

Throughout the poems runs a single conviction: holiness is not ritual purity, institutional

authority, or doctrinal conformity. Holiness is truth lived to its final consequences.

The title itself announces the governing proposition of the work. Truth is not merely correspondence between words and facts; it is an existential condition. To live in truth is already to participate in sanctity. Conversely, falsehood is never presented simply as intellectual error, but as a fracture within the human spirit itself.

This understanding transforms the traditional notion of faith. Belief is no longer portrayed as passive assent to propositions, but as a way of inhabiting reality. The poet repeatedly suggests that every human being already believes, whether consciously or not, because every life is guided by some ultimate principle. The question is therefore not whether one believes, but toward what one's existence is directed. Faith becomes inseparable from intention, and intention becomes inseparable from moral action.

*Our ego is the wall that separates
your garden from the meadows of Eden.
To grow is to tear it down,
not to wait for the centuries to do so.*

One of the greatest forms of megalomania is precisely the belief that the self exists independently of God. Spiritual growth therefore consists not in magnifying the self, but in dismantling the illusion of separation until one's own will seeks no private advantage, but the good of the whole of creation.

The collection develops this intuition through an unexpected dialogue between Christian

mysticism and Eastern philosophy. Without attempting to erase their historical differences, the poems suggest that traditions as distant as the Gospels, Swedenborg, and Indian spirituality converge upon a common intuition: wisdom culminates in participation rather than possession. Divine life is measured by the extent to which love replaces self-interest.

This same principle governs the collection's understanding of religion. Institutional boundaries occupy only a secondary place. What ultimately distinguishes the children of God is neither denomination nor confession, but the intention that animates their actions.

*Swedenborg explained in his visions
that all creeds converge on the same ethic:
God speaks through many religions
and allows it out of love for His Son.*

Here the poems advance what might be called an ecumenism of intention. Christians, atheists, socialists, Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, and believers of every tradition remain capable of participating in the same divine reality whenever truth, mercy, and justice govern their conduct. Religion ceases to function as a badge of identity and becomes instead a gradual transformation of the will.

The poems do not propose an abstract universalism that dissolves all differences. Rather, they insist that unity is achieved through charity rather than uniformity. Every tradition preserves its own language, symbols, and history, yet all are judged by the same measure: whether they diminish

suffering, defend truth, and cultivate compassion. The criterion is therefore ethical before it is institutional.

In one of the collection's most striking inversions, the poet suggests that disbelief itself does not separate humanity from God as radically as selfishness does.

*That I said to an envoy of the clergy
fearful that they would revoke him.
"But if I am an atheist," I told him,
"Truth and Love are my God."*

God is not a word but an act; semantics are not as important as reality. To deny God while sincerely seeking truth is presented as spiritually less destructive than professing faith while living in falsehood. This stance explains why the poems repeatedly return to the provocative formula that "To deny God is megalomaniacal." Holiness is not about being selfish; it's about being the universe.

This ethical vision naturally extends beyond religion into social philosophy. One of the longest and most ambitious poems, *Socialism within the Limits of Christianity*, illustrates the author's method with remarkable clarity. Rather than dismissing socialism outright, the poem acknowledges the moral intuition from which it arose: the recognition of injustice, inequality, and human suffering.

*Christ too gave aid in his lifetime
to people in a world without fairness;
born into an unjust age
where some inherit and others toil.*

The poet grants that indignation before misery is legitimate, even necessary. Yet he argues that socialism reaches its limit when it replaces conversion with revolution, charity with resentment, and persuasion with violence. Christ does not deny injustice; He refuses to redeem it through murder. Peter's sword becomes the decisive symbol. Even when raised in defense of the Kingdom, violence remains incompatible with the Kingdom itself.

*Whoever wounds with iron, by iron falls;
no nation will change that law.
No justice is born of crime,
nor does redemption spring from terror.*

From this distinction emerges a social ethic that is neither conventionally capitalist nor conventionally socialist. The poems reject exploitation no less vigorously than they reject revolutionary terror. Their criticism is directed especially toward the contemporary exploitation of migrant labor, where borders are opened whenever cheap work is required and closed whenever equal rights are demanded.

Here the collection departs from ideological slogans and advances a concrete moral proposal: if workers are admitted, they must receive the same legal protection, the same dignity, and the same remuneration as native citizens; if this justice cannot be guaranteed, then economies should cease profiting from forms of labor that perpetuate hidden servitude. The argument is not presented as an

economic program but as an extension of Christian ethics into the realities of a globalized world.

This perspective leads naturally to one of the collection's most original contributions: the idea that justice itself has become global.

*The world economy is one;
no market lives in isolation.
What you buy cheaply online
conceals a hidden slavery.*

The world economy is treated not as a collection of isolated national systems but as a single moral organism whose members inevitably affect one another. Cheap consumption in one country may conceal exploitation in another. Consequently, charity can no longer remain merely local. Economic structures themselves become objects of moral examination. The poems ask readers to recognize that responsibility now crosses every frontier, just as commerce already does.

Yet even where the work enters political territory, it never abandons its metaphysical center. Social reform is always presented as the consequence of interior transformation rather than its substitute.

The Kingdom of God cannot be established by coercion because coercion belongs to the logic of the fallen ego that the poems consistently seek to overcome. Every attempt to create paradise through violence merely reproduces the separation it claims to abolish. Justice, therefore, begins not with conquest but with conversion. Only a humanity liberated from the illusion of isolated selfhood can

construct institutions worthy of the dignity it proclaims.

The autobiographical dimension of *Truth Is Holiness* should likewise be understood within this philosophical framework. The poet recounts dreams, visions, conflicts, professional disappointments, and moments of spiritual illumination not primarily to establish a chronology of extraordinary experiences, but to present a life interpreted through the conviction that divine providence accompanies every stage of human existence. Personal history becomes theological history. External events matter because they are read as moments within an ongoing dialogue between the human conscience and the divine will. Whether these experiences are approached as mystical testimony, symbolic narrative, or existential meditation, they consistently serve the same literary purpose: to transform biography into reflection.

The prophetic voice announces future events and the moral significance of the present. Warnings, judgments, promises, and visions are poetic instruments through which ethical truth acquires dramatic urgency. The poems revive an ancient literary form in which revelation is inseparable from responsibility. Every announcement of hope is accompanied by a demand for personal transformation; every denunciation of injustice is balanced by the possibility of repentance.

The verses recover a dimension that modern literature has often regarded with suspicion: moral certainty. These poems do not cultivate ambiguity for its own sake, nor do they celebrate relativism as an intellectual virtue. They speak from the

conviction that truth exists, that it can be sought, and that human beings are transformed by the sincerity with which they pursue it. Yet this certainty is never presented as a license for domination. The poems repeatedly insist that the first judgment falls upon the one who speaks. Every prophetic declaration is accompanied by self-examination, repentance, and the recognition that the greatest obstacle to divine life is the wickedness of others due to the persistence of the ego.

Deeds matter, but they derive their moral meaning from the will that gives them birth. The same outward act may express charity or vanity, compassion or ambition. Throughout the book, holiness is measured less by visible achievement than by the interior disposition from which every action proceeds. In this respect, the poems recover an ancient ethical intuition shared by the Gospels and many philosophical traditions alike: that the transformation of the heart precedes the transformation of society.

This emphasis on intention also explains the remarkable breadth of the work's literary references. The reader encounters Christ and Caiaphas beside Hamlet and Prince Myshkin, Socrates beside Swedenborg, Kipling beside Dostoevsky, Marx beside the Gospels, Indian sages beside the prophets of Israel.

These figures form a single conversation extending across civilizations and centuries. Each becomes another witness to the same enduring question: whether human existence is ultimately governed by self-interest or by truth. The poet's method is synthetic rather than comparative.

Differences remain, yet they are constantly illuminated by a deeper search for moral and metaphysical unity.

The love of God becomes inseparable from the defense of the poor, the dignity of labor, the rejection of violence, the care of creation, and the willingness to forgive. Likewise, social criticism never becomes merely political, because it remains rooted in the conviction that injustice is ultimately a spiritual disorder before it is an economic one.

Institutions may perpetuate evil, but they do so because human beings first permit falsehood to govern their own hearts.

If holiness is nothing other than truth fully lived, then every lie diminishes both the individual and the world, while every sincere act of love becomes a participation in the divine life. The dissolution of the ego, the universality of compassion, the critique of violence, the call to justice, and the hope of reconciliation all emerge as consequences of that one principle.

The poems ask to examine whether one's own life is ordered toward truth, and whether that truth is capable of becoming love. That is the enduring wager of this remarkable collection. Whatever conclusions its readers finally reach, they will not easily escape the question announced by its title.

A work that genuinely engages ultimate questions cannot hope to produce universal assent. It invites serious reflection by refusing the safety of indifference.

Whether read as mystical testimony, philosophical meditation, prophetic poetry, or

spiritual autobiography, *Truth Is Holiness* consistently presents life as a pilgrimage toward the measure of that truth.

Leyla Margarita Tobías Buelvas
Sincelejo, August 2, 2026

Proem

Spread my verses freely, take no fee, seek no glory;
through your networks carry my message far;
my hosts walk with you. At the break of dawn
the Lord, in a dream, proclaimed to me His charge.

In my pen the divine voice whispers low;
it is no rashness—it is the daily word.
God has chosen me; in me his thunder glows;
I render it to my little brothers with love.

"What a fool!" I heard from a queen far away;
but the truth is, I live in God, in Him I am myself.
He anointed me when I least expected it;
because I had chosen Him over the world.

I longed to triumph while staying true to His precepts,
but those who rule us hate the truth,
book after book, film after film, I was denied
the place so many dilettantes flaunt.

An immense power Jesus has granted me,
a loving duty I embrace with humility.
I am not vengeful; I have walked in His light;
my soul I weave into his grace and his love.

In these pages His secret is revealed;
the secret of my triumph written down: the
truth in God.

Socialism within the limits of Christianity

Socialism is right
to denounce injustice,
but errs in putting revolution
in the place of conversion,
and hatred
in the place of charity.

The Christian must be
more radical and more permissive
than the socialist:
he must demand justice without killing,
and love the rich man
while calling him to conversion.
Teach him that punishment never comes from
man
but from the One who gives fruit or drought to
nations.

I. Injustice, cause of socialism

Many of you, beloved children,
wept early over inequality;
you saw the poor without bread or shelter
and asked: "Where is goodness?"

Why do some peoples live secure,
while others barely manage to survive?
Why do they work the same long days,
for some, misery; for others, a future.

My Son also wept over these sorrows;
for them He spoke, for them He suffered.
The powerful closed their doors to Him;
for speaking the truth they persecuted Him.

But your anger has a limit;
Peter too drew the sword.
He believed he could defend the Kingdom with
blood;
my Son ordered him to sheathe the blade.

Whoever wounds with iron, by iron falls;
no nation will change that law.
No justice is born of crime,
nor does redemption spring from terror.

Christ gives himself up for his brothers;
the violent man gives his brother up to death.
One conquers by dying for all;
the other kills, claiming to protect them.

You called abandonment "alienation";
you called inequality "class struggle."
For Christ it is forgetfulness of one's neighbor,
charity denied and lack of mercy.

Do not raise your hand against the rich man;
raise your word and the truth.
Show the owner of great estates
the heavy cross of his possessions.

What rest does he find who owns
vast fields beside the hungry man?
What sleep does he reach who shuts his doors
to the orphan, the poor, and the thirsty?

Christ too gave aid in his lifetime
to people in a world without fairness;
born into an unjust age
where some inherit and others toil.

The surplus value you so denounce
is a euphemism for slavery:
of the man without papers or rights,
bought for lesser pay.

II. The immigrant, the alienated one

In its cruelest form it exploits
the migrant without protection of the law;
he gathers the fruits of others' fields
for wages he accepts under constraint.

Why do you not denounce that injustice?
Why do you hide this slavery?
Borders are opened to exploit them
and closed so they cannot become citizens.

Close them during the harvests,
let no man cross their thresholds;
do not make the alienated a party to injustice —
then he will work his own land for better wages.

Or open them with true justice:
give citizenship to the worker,
the same wage, rights, and protection,
without distinguishing his land or his color.

There is no freedom when a border
selects hands, yet rejects humanity;
it accepts the poor man while he brings profit,
and hunts him down when he demands dignity.

"That way we cannot compete," they answer,
"other markets pay still worse."
Then raise those wages too:
do not make misery a competitor.

III. World justice

Let the fruit grown in the south
not hide the hunger of the one who picked it;
let every garment, machine, and food
reveal how much the worker received.

The world economy is one;
no market lives in isolation.
What you buy cheaply online
conceals a hidden slavery.

If we all depend on one another,
justice too must be worldwide:
equal pay for equal work,
with no borders concealing inequality.

Do not strike out against prosperous nations
in anger over another country's fairness;
argue instead that their wealth be just,
and that it not be born of tangled injustice.

Justice does not demand new ruins
nor burning down the wealthier neighbor;
it is Christian to lift up the forgotten,
to teach the one who does not know how to
share.

IV. Divine warning

Do you wish to avoid fires and disasters?
Let no enterprise buy impunity.
Let commerce unite the nations,
without filtering disfavor at their borders.

Or they will go on sowing unhappiness —
the sickness of the greedy and the violent,
for all violence carries within itself
the seed of its own destruction.

That time of slumber has already passed.
Do you not hear the crowds storming the
ports?
No nation is exempt from droughts,
the effect of so great a worldwide imbalance.

The truth of this combat is the way —
not slaughter, nor greed.
Without murderers and usurious bankers
the Kingdom of Heaven begins.

You Are Peter the Roman

Pilgrim of God in times
of doubt, darkness, and self-regard,
I found the voice of God upon my road
and for ten years kept his blessings silent.

At last, the powers of the world
attacked, and fell at my feet.
"Peter you are," was revealed to me
with marks of fire on my chest,

a radiance, a flame unquenched
poured forth through the flow of centuries.
In my youth I saw the Savior
in a dream, and I ran toward Him.

With the same joy as Saint John,
"You will deny Me," He told me at last,
and I answered smiling, glad.
"How could I ever deny my Lord?"

Jesus suffered infinite sorrow,
and I laughed, bewildered: "You will deny Me."
I woke happy and unsure,
and told an aunt of my dream.

"Yes," she told me, "you will deny Him" —
is it not true that we all deny Him?
Like the one chosen among the twelve,
in whom He believed He had sown his faith.

I too would abandon Him in his martyrdom.
I carried my sorrow for years on end.
Today tears flood my path.

"For Peter you are," the twenty-second would
tell me.

"And you have returned to proclaim My
kingdom."

"Why, Lord?" I asked, afraid.

"Because three times you denied Me,"
he told me with unanswerable tenderness,
"and you will not do it a fourth time."

I Chose to Purge My Faults

Three times the denial wounded my soul;
ages have watched me purge my faults.
Dead and crucified in Rome for Christ,
martyr of the truth across countries and
centuries.

For Christ is the truth, understand this,
and the truth is Christ, not a man
hungry for honors or laments,
a truth that is one across all nations.

Does it not astonish you to discover that the
wise
win their arguments by proclaiming
the truths that better the world?
Post-truth was a fashion that died.

Unafraid to die I fall and I rise,
for I already know the delights of Christ,
a truth that opens onto greater truths,
ecstasy of the spirit, joy that never ceases.

My life is witness before your eyes;
my verses never sing weighed down
with the ennui of poets without an Eden,
who deny their own truth and fire.

I need no heralds, no retinue;
alone before God, like Ezekiel, I kneel.
Prophecy is truth, and this truth is joy;
rain that ends the droughts.

Jesus calmed the waves at Capernaum,
and today it is I before whom they rage.
Kingdoms will come from every corner of the
earth,
fearful of all that truth demands.

Already all that I am has been written:
that the bishops may recognize the wisdom
of the judgment God has revealed,
the glory of the olive branch, my poems.

Omnipotence Present in Me

They teach you Jesus was meekness itself,
in Prince Lev Nikolayevich Myshkin
Dostoevsky saw, in his chaste light,
the upright majesty of truth.

"The Idiot"—pupil of the Master.
Against whoever, indifferent to gain, persists,
rulers have raised their scepter;
whoever speaks plainly, they erase.

They ordered the death of other prophets,
all who defended the truth;
they believed they could silence with their
arrows
the voice that has made the planets what they
are.

But that story ends with me:
I am Hugo Noël, anointed of the Lord;
in me the martyrs live, witnesses
of the Creator's basilica of fire.

I am also Christ among men;
Yahweh speaks His will through me.
Do not be afraid, I share your sorrows,
you too can make God your own.

My longings are not those of the earth,
my vigilance disallows all greed;
my word wages eternal war
against kings of hypocritical charity.

Local journalists shy away from me;
they already know their insides laid bare;
when my voice tears down their masks,
faults I allude to with plain candor.

It takes only a noble intention
to hear the voice of one's own conscience,
where cries call out to the ignoble:
angels, the omniscience of truth.

Souls Who Visit Me

Last night a scholar came to challenge me,
wanting to refute all I had written;
"Gladly," I wrote, once I had heard him out,
but it was he who stepped back before me.

"How did you know I spoke of him precisely?"
An eminent professor also came,
from my own cloister, Temple University;
but she did not expect my calm gaze.

"Why did they send you?" I asked;
"we rarely crossed paths anywhere."
"Because the others betrayed you,
unjust, they refused to hear you again."

They wanted to destroy me, as they do so many
who go ignored for speaking truth;
but God governs the course of the years,
and no one but Him writes what is to come.

"Would you accept to guide our future?"
she asked with sincere expectation;
"could you hold back the river in its rush,
and save our people?"

I thought then of forgotten towns
that never dared to call out;
they feared risen empires
more than the voice of divine truth.

"I accept," I answered, calm;
"but the wrong must first be made right.
Not only for me and for my grievance,
but for every persecuted artist.

Make amends for the harm you caused;
let others not suffer what I suffered.
How many do you drown in your pettiness?
Honor them as you never did with me."

"Such proceedings move very slowly,"
she answered with careful hesitation;
"men are slow to make amends,
but we accept that you are right."

Jesus Belongs to Every Creed and to Atheism Too

It is not the world's voice that sustains me,
nor applause in search of my future;
Jesus is the one who holds my steps,
God, Truth, the inspiration I seek.

Will you accept that sheltering the helpless
is the highest good a man can do?
Jesus won me over with his question,
more unshakable than every philosophy.

Swedenborg explained in his visions
that all creeds converge on the same ethic:
God speaks through many religions
and allows it out of love for His Son.

Jesus dwells at every altar
where love overcomes attachment;
he blesses those who preach the gifts
of goodness, light, truth, his justice.

Whoever heeds the voice of conscience,
even under another name for the Divine,
shares also in His Presence,
so long as the will is sincere.

They ask me: "Where does such faith come from?"

What source has led your path astray?"

I answer: "I saw it, I beheld it;

Jesus makes every waiting worthwhile."

I have already known the peace of Paradise;

I still live today in its gardens.

What I lived is not fleeting:

I am as real as Jesus was in Galilee.

God is all-powerful, you have read it so;

I too live at the mercy of His power;

because I believed, and I feel His presence everywhere,

because every night He visits me.

A loving Father who corrected me,

turning away every bitter thought.

There, ambassadors from other worlds

come to marvel at our faith.

Accept Whatever Fortune God Gives You

Accept whatever fortune God gives you:

if He grants you wealth, receive it, sister;

manage it in charity close at hand,

for gold is a loan, not a permanence.

Give first to kin and to neighbor,

to the elder cast aside in nursing homes;

there is no greater wealth under heaven

than easing another's grief.

And if He grants you poverty, bear witness to it,

for only in want are we free

of friends who envy our abundance

and enemies who resent our riches.

Need turns eyes away,

it separates truth from appearance;

accept, humbly, these lacks,

purer than tainted coins.

I saw in India the wealthy man without light,

without water, without artifice, without gift;

he said that excess is a temptation

that pulls the soul from its summit.

For every luxury draws new masters:
hypocrisy, flattery, deceit,
and pulls you from loving and being loved;
it is a peak from which they long to throw you
down.

For poverty too is a temptation:
living needs no extravagance;
want reveals the bile of the resentful,
it shows who hates and who does not.

Swedenborg pointed to its dark trap;
from it are born pirates and guerrillas,
terrorisms dressed as justice,
and blood distilled by greed.

Accept whatever fortune God gives you,
and you will sleep in peace, for sleep
is the chessboard that, at the end
of every day, makes kings and pawns equal.

El Niño Will Not Dry Out Colombia

Already that Child has been proclaimed
by those who deny that God exists;
they judge him a distant, cold myth,
foreign to the harm that cunning spurs.

The powerful live on intrigue,
sowing sorrow across the land;
but I proclaim to you that their ruin
will not defeat eternal justice.

El Niño, sign of long drought,
of breezes that answer the Pacific
and steer our clouds far away,
hides its passage from Colombia.

But through the pleas of the just
it will turn back from its harsh path;
for the Lord hears our prayers
and His mercy is never absent.

On the first of June, in the year eleven,
in Madras, land of the Holy Mother,
God filled me with infinite love,
with blessings His voice raises up.

As he heard Elijah's cry, so hear my plea
for this nation:
that he forgive the pain and the fire
of years of tribulation past.

The rain, which in other latitudes
I have called down with silent prayer,
will fall, overcoming the weariness
sown by today's dismantled demagogue.

The media fell silent on the wonders
of El Niño, calmed by the wind;
eight years of proclaimed pleas
for rain that turned back drought and fire.

Every blessing comes from God;
in Colombia they belong to the most just,
for I am one of His sons, His voice,
speaking the great Creator's precepts.

If jungles once left deserts as their legacy,
the rains arrive on the seventh of August,
renewing the earth's own must,
the faith of those who trusted in Jesus.

Prosperity, so long denied,
is reborn at last by divine hand;
truth reigns illumined
for the humble, and for you, my brother.

If the fall has not defeated us,
it was by grace of the eternal;
for though its thread be calculation,
the design of hell does not prevail.

For the just are rewarded,
they heal the harm that hatred breeds
through gifts given in silence,
their souls mend the sinner too.

They forgive always, out of boundless love,
but they are stern with those who persist
in the hypocrisy of false dissent,
if the liar keeps insisting with his voice.

Behold! The rains have burst forth joyful
over Colombia, first upon the mountains,
over Greece, its beautiful lands,
over Catalonia, my fertile land.

Angels watch over the wanderer;
God's protection shines clear
for the just man, as it was told to Lot,
that for his sake alone the world would be
saved.

Amen, Jesus of heaven and earth,
who watches over those who love you;
we are Your little brothers who beg you
to intercede with our eternal Father.

August 7, 2026

Awaken, Colombia, from the empty dream,
you have seen poverty's enemy,
his love and speech concealing vileness,
his scepter, his yoke, from this day cast far off.

O people of the highlands and the mountain,
hands calloused by the wheat,
the State will no longer be your enemy,
hunger ends across the countryside.

Sycophants kidnapped tenderness,
while their blade cut the throat
of whoever rose against their yoke,
and they called their own torture peace.

Gendarmes of death, thieves
who spread hatred across their fiefdoms,
speak of life while leaving warlords
unguarded before their own bandits.

Tomorrow is the promised shield
for whoever prays to the Sacred Heart.
The Holy Spirit, in this dawn,
strips away the murderous mask.

No more to the corruptor of the will,
of the submissive, of the dispossessed,
who cried out for human shields
while embezzling their own precarious cause.

The Tiger of Nemea, behold his crown,
fine steel against deceit,
justice for the pensioner in old age,
with no lie to shelter the intrigue.

We have defeated the dark brotherhood
that so stigmatized the plainspoken,
and honest men recover their courage,
denouncing the vile and their madness.

No more rhetoric, no more sabotage;
let Colombia no longer tolerate crime;
terrorists, rapists—surrender,
or be purged from justice's chaos!

Today my homeland regains its sight!
For good is fire, its justice a sword,
and the lie, behold, lies broken
by the virtue that was never silenced.

Anonymity and Fame

Herostratus burned Diana's temple at Ephesus
to buy renown with ashes;
he chose infamy and torture
over oblivion, over anonymity without event.

And even today many chase that flame:
the vandal who kills an innocent,
the fanatic who sets fire to a policeman
for the applause of a bloodthirsty crowd.

They want to die, and so endure
in the memory of the most frivolous,
without seeing that every honor
is dust in the endless span of history.

If fame comes to you, use it for good,
preach the truth before the skeptic;
if not, be like the silent tree
that gives shade without asking whom.

And if anonymity walks with you,
bless its stillness and its calm;
there is a freedom that only the one blind
to the world recognizes once he misses it.

Anonymity too is a temptation
that the pure embrace as the world's peace:
to pass unnamed, happy, among the birds,
without honors, medals, or praise,

without tedious sycophantic ceremonies,
with days given over to your own.
But whoever chases the vanity of glory —
alas—will suffer, waiting for one more tribute.

Those who today proclaim your greatness
will boast tomorrow of your stumble;
flattery is the seed of hatreds,
its mask is convenient kindness.

Accept Being Happy Today

Accept being happy this very day;
God makes you rich or poor by his wisdom,
famous or hidden away in the desert;
He has chosen what is right for you.

To suffer is to fight against the current,
to choose other roads that lead
to unhappiness, to abysses, to sin.
To accept yourself is to live happy today.

You know the animals never left
the grounds of Eden; their innocence
proves their paradise is still here:
they sing to the day without knowing what a
day is,

and they sleep the night without having
suffered.
They seek no monuments, no memory,
they know nothing of the obsession with
prestige
that so many win through blood and lies.

In their innocence they live grateful
to God, to the rain and the sun on the meadow;
in their wisdom you will recover once more
the peace you lost and long for so.

Put the Stripe on the Tiger

Put the stripe on the tiger, Santander —
for if he does not attack, he joins your side;
one more line never does him harm,
your stroke unites strength and power.

We are the pack, the Tiger is ours,
walk on, that Colombia may stand upright;
in Abelardo we trust the country,
he is ready to be honest.

Join the sign the Tiger advances,
denounce corruption without retreat;
he has hung his lance from Justice,
he places his honesty under her care.

The tiger has roared in the truth,
he has unmasked the bandits;
his stripes tally the fallen crooks.
Let him roar, clothed in goodness!

If you are clean, vote without spite,
for Colombia will be the winner;
Jesus has already turned his feats
into a whip against iniquity and its pain.

Buccaneers overwhelm the homeland,
they ravage hospitals with the dead,
they have turned jungles into deserts
out of greed, chests carried off in migration.

The Tiger forgives the helpless,
delivers the corrupt to prison,
gives the violent and the mafiosi their due;
his claws will allow no forgetting.

You have voted by your own free will,
where the rifle no longer forces the laborer;
already he roars against every great estate
of guerrillas—bandits, to him.

Champion of free speech,
"The law will be respected" is his roar;
we do not fear the web of intrigue,
he acts, and the people are his council.

To the demagogues he'll give their orange,
to the Tigers of June, fishing rods to cast;
and he will better your life, your home, your
land.
Hear, Tiger, put an end to iniquity now!

Abelardo will defend the children;
none will go without their remedy,
he will demand back what was stolen to tax
havens,
his critics will be left behind, forgotten ground.

To Deny God Is Megalomania

I am also Christ among men;
Yahweh expresses His will in me.
Fear not, I share your sorrows—
you too can make God your own.

Yet Caiaphas renews his precepts;
the doctors point at me with scorn:
"Jesus already said it, and it is recognized;
your voice is withered, your echo dangerous."

To deny God is megalomania,
I tell them. Did you not read that man
and woman are one flesh? To love God
is to cease being oneself in order to be in Him.

What she thinks finds its answer in me;
what I say finds its peace in her.
Unanimous in every thought,
lyres that play in a single arpeggio.

When you merge into Christ,
every temptation dissolves;
you no longer seek your own advantage,
but, being God, the good of all creation.

Are not water and every insect signs of divine
love,
that cares for the bird and clothes the lily at
dawn?
Indian gurus say that reaching wisdom is
becoming God.

That is why they have thousands of altars,
because the All shows itself in every being;
yet the West insists on unity,
and venerates the self detached from its Being.

Our ego is the wall that separates
your garden from the meadows of Eden.
To grow is to tear it down,
not to wait for the centuries to do so.

To become God—there is your struggle—
not as a rebel who topples thrones,
but as the river that returns to the ocean
and loses itself there without losing its name.

God invited me and I changed my gaze:
hatred, condemnation, the wound
are no longer mine, but His—
the destiny we see in every evildoer.

For Eduardo, Deaf in One Ear

Lord, God of the heavens and the earth,
you anointed me in Madras, an unexpected day,
the first of June, in sacred trial,
to you my future was consecrated.

With the authority that comes from your
breath,
I cry out for Eduardo, a Venezuelan,
sixty-two years old, married
to Belkis, who writes to me of his torment.

You know his ear and his affliction,
his weary body, his suffering,
his days of silence and dread,
his thirst for peace, his faith, his endurance.

In the name of Jesus, power divine,
I command what is wounded to be restored;
let his ear and his path be healed now,
and let your heart recover its beat.

Let new life flow through his veins,
let the breath of the Spirit rise,
let the shadows and his sorrows dissolve,
and the sun of your victory embrace him.

With the sole certainty you gave me,
I forgive sickness and every affliction.

Eduardo is standing, he resists no more:
he rises in your name, God ever holy!

Your promise is never defeated,
nor does your word return without victory.
Today I seal in Christ his health and his life —
Eduardo will sing your eternal glory.

Amen, Jesus of heaven and earth,
who watches over those who love you;
we are your little brothers who beg you
to intercede with our eternal Father.

For a Couple of Emigrants

I share your kindness, beloved Father,
with Elizabeth and Miguel, afflicted,
they have crossed roads of sin,
if not their own, another's, and badly wounded.

The trials of migrating have hurt them,
and scorn has bruised them further;
guide them to the promised harbor,
where grace flows from your side.

Let them discern the all-powerful grace,
like the little birds along the road,
who live without fear or expectation,
and find peace in every one of your domains.

Let them find calm and rest,
and let them lose every burden that wounds
them;
Miguel, heal him today of his affliction,
his headache ends today; let it trouble him no
more.

And Elizabeth, let the suffering
of her knee dissolve, let her walk freed.
Her pain, like mine, in time,
will pass before the light of your dawn.

Amen, Jesus of heaven and earth,

who watches over those who love you;
we are your little brothers who beg you
to intercede with our eternal Father.

To Whoever Questions the Truth

When the guilty repeats his deed
and the crime goes on unpunished,
he trusts the doubt that builds his kingdom
and the magic formula that stops all.

"There's no proof," and with cunning he dines,
while he erases the trail and the witness,
and abandons the child to his fate,
handing him to a wandering chain.

Intuition, inheritance of millennia,
that taught the fox to hide her young
before the eagle swooped down in flight,
now lies scorned for its own error,

replaced by cold syllogisms
that demand laboratory and protocol;
we all see the king naked and vain,
we all know his unfitting lie.

But you stay silent, afraid of the boldness
of trusting the human eye within.
As in the old and unerring fable,
the crowd applauds the impostor.

Rather than defy the robe
that makes mourning and blood its banner,
Cain raises his murderous hand

and kills the other with a calm voice.

"I don't know. Am I my brother's keeper?"

But guilt breathes through his wound.

"What have you done?" he hears from his vessel,

"the voice of the blood that gave you life

cries out from the dust for its mourning
and rises, redeemed, to my throne."

But Cain persists in his lie

and survives, believing himself clever.

Heritage of Cain

They are evidence of the crime itself,
they preach distrust of all that has been lived.

Sons of Cain, well-dressed murderers,
they demand proofs, they claim the right to
forget—

sheep without soul or memory,
blind to every recognized value.

They treat those who accuse them as scum,
and grant impunity to the worst of bandits.

Before you take refuge in science,
before your evil becomes beyond remedy,
you will have heard your blameless angel—
to psychiatrists, the voice of your conscience.
Without accepting that they sinned for others,
without admitting it was for a just cause,
it will teach you what your evil channels:
abuses that fall back upon yourselves.

To whole societies bent on suicide,
denying the spirit you sense within.
Sooner or later the bridle will come
to the mettlesome steed on which you flow.
The Lord forgives your blindness;
your pride judges without mercy.
Teach them to see their sickened soul,
to repent upon your inheritance.

I have seen his repentant face,
without vengeance clouding his reason;
now in Cuba I see him fallen—
I forgive him by Your blessing.
Let Cain recover his path;
he failed to recognize Your joy by error.
The envious arranged his destiny;
I beg You, let him recover our love.

Amen, Jesus of heaven and of earth,
who watches over those who love You;
we are Your little brothers who plead with
You—
intercede with our everlasting Father.

The Return of the Hecatombs

Noble of soul is the Creator;
the earth trembles once more.
Though I know His shaking is just,
still I ask.

The Holy Trinity answers:
“For thirteen long years
you have protected the nations;
you held back the tempest,
the wrath of lava and volcanoes.
You quenched the fires
that threatened the peoples;
all read your announcements,
none gave thanks for your vigils.

In Montreal you healed the beggar,
cared for wounded monks;
in Pennsylvania you proclaimed
the truth of My Gospel.
And none gave thanks for the design.
They added insults to your offering;
the Romans turned their backs on you,
despising all you announced.

They believed God was a myth,
matter the atheist shapes;
though they see that I anointed you,
they insist that death still reigns.
Of Christ they make an old fable;
to ignore Peter the Roman
is to scorn My present voice,
which returns today to judge them.

Whoever, after hearing your words,
ignores you out of empty privilege;
whoever attacks and defames you,
pursues and stalks your steps;
whoever probes your faults,
your root and even your crown—
will be tribute to hell
if he perseveres in his pride.

I already told you in two thousand twelve
that they deserved corrections;
the fear of their brief life
would awaken their lethargy.
One day multitudes will follow
the wake of your prayers;
they will confess all their evils:
bishops, popes, rulers.”

Intercession for the Hecatombs

“I beg You again, Lord Jesus,
Father and Spirit in glory,
keep the hecatombs away,
let fire and sword be restrained.
Apply them to the tares
of this corrupted world;
let the river of innocent blood
never again be dyed.

Leave the rubble to the impious,
to the intriguer and the bandit,
who call society’s fault
the evil they freely chose.
Put them to the test, Lord,
that they may reach conversion;
let the old not suffer hunger,
nor the sick lack medicine;
let the exile return to his land,
let hatred not dress as justice,
let vengeance not be called freedom,
let the lie not conquer the truth.

You are God full of mercy
for the one who loves You and leaves evil;
sword for the one who does not repent,
whip of the destroying man.
God who dries our tears,
God who opens the eyes of the blind,

God who lifts the downcast,
God who gives bread to the hungry.

With the voice with which You blessed me,
with the humility that looks upon the lost,
with the faith that believes above all,
with the certainty of Your eternal love,
take from us the cup
of the punishment we deserve;
Your Son saves us from the cross:
have mercy on those who believe.

Let the hecatombs not return,
let the powerful be servants,
let the rich share the bread,
let the judges judge with truth;
let the Church be Your servant,
not a power that oppresses and condemns.
Let Your prophets be heard;
let Your martyrs intercede for us.”

The Paradox of the Unbeliever

I walked the corridors of science
when I heard two sages from beyond
discussing spiritual essence
and what man will believe.

“As Bentham said in his writings,”
one declared, “on spirituality.”
And I thought: “I must read those myths—
where will so prized a truth be found?”

I awoke, investigated with zeal,
and found a treatise—not of that one,
but of his disciple, the one from my dream
who wrote beside his shelf:

“He who believes himself completely
mortal suffers neither apprehension nor pain
before death, except through the mind
that loses its pleasures and its splendor.

The pains that await the one who dies
and the loss of pleasures,
joined to the life that precedes,
are his only penalty and his griefs.

An existence that awaits another life,
though it is a present blessing,
will without doubt be a relief and measure

to the unease that death presents.”

First he says that the one who does not believe
in the beyond suffers no sorrow,
and later affirms that the one who believes
finds relief in anticipation.

How can the philosopher who doubts
preach that he has no affliction
if he assumes that the life he would evade
relieves that very concern?

The question is not conquered by the one who
denies it,
nor is desire by the one who fled;
only he knows the victory
who passed through the combat.

His paradox is like that of the saint
who says that the one who withdraws from the
world
is free of every enchantment
and of temptation or unclean sin.

Yet the one who lives in the midst of the world,
exposed to passion and desire,
has the blessing, if wandering,
of no longer being the debtor of temptation.

The Metaphysics of Believing

Does the one who does not believe believe
himself secure,
yet without believing already believes himself
defeated?
How can he preach that he believes
who affirms that in reality he does not believe?

For one does not believe that one and one
added forever make two;
there where the proof is enough,
faith is silent, and reason speaks.

But when man says “I believe,”
he confesses a limit to knowledge;
he does not name what is demonstrated,
but what he judges he sees.

Bentham calculates the pleasures,
weighs them like a merchant;
yet when he reaches the beyond,
he can no longer resolve them.

Then he speaks of hope,
of the consolation it can give;
but how does one measure a consolation
who never wished to believe?

Kant raised two great kingdoms:
phenomenon and reality;
logic reaches the limit,
yet does not penetrate the immortal.

Hegel smiled from the shore:
“How will you learn to swim
if you never leave the sand
for fear of the water and its sea?”

Peirce too spoke of the believer;
doubt troubles the heart,
belief is the light of the spirit,
abduction that illuminates reason.

No one demonstrates what he loves,
nor ceases to believe in tomorrow;
joys in life are discovered
without fearing to die on the road.

No one demonstrates the future,
nor the world that will come after;
the object of faith changes,
but not the verb “to believe.”

Believing does not change with the object,
only that in which one believes changes;
whoever denies all metaphysics
also begins by saying: “I believe.”

Calculation does not conquer life,
nor the numeral the heart;

every philosophy begins
where believing is the equation.

For there are questions whose weight
only the poets resolve by believing;
do not dare to refute them—
in all their beliefs there is truth.

The philosopher proves reasons;
the poet delivers his existence;
one persuades with arguments,
the other is the Spirit writing.

Hearts That Believe Only a Little

The unbeliever fears what he does not know,
the fanatic trusts what he does not see,
and the paradox lives and wounds
hearts that believe only a little.

For if the first doubts the beyond,
the sectarian clings to this without seeing
the roots of the eternal in the truth;
therefore between the two is their suffering.

They preach that only they are saved,
that the rest will be condemned,
that it matters not to be a hired killer or rogue
since only they possess night and dawn.

And I, practicing kindness, have seen
the love of God over all things;
to believe or not to believe does not matter,
for seeking the truth you will believe.

That I said to an envoy of the clergy
fearful that they would revoke him.
“But if I am an atheist,” I told him,
“Truth and Love are my God.”

The good invariably leads to Christ,
as to his interlocutor Kim expresses:
“Oh, he is an old dreamer of dreams
from Bhotiya,” said the Hajji, annoyed;
“My heart is a little angry,
Friend of all the World,
that thou shouldst see such worth
in a man so little known?”

“It is true,” answered Kim;
“but that worth do I see;
and to him my heart is drawn.”

From saints and lamas we learn
that suffering is illusion and also faith,
for faith in living is illusion in God,
Love that will never be disillusion.

To Imagine Is to Exist

*The Imagination Is Not A State: It Is The
Human Existence Itself.*
—Blake

Ah, philosophy without horizon,
always limited by numbers!
Is it so hard to leave the fortress
of the senses, their prison?

Journalists and academics warn
the youth against embarking
on the rich waters of fantasy
where every fable is true.

Imagination is not a realm
set apart from the future;
it is the breath of existence,
for to imagine is to exist.

Is not imagining the abundant faculty
that clothes the flowers in colors,
draws lacework in the spider-webs
and kindles the plumage of the peacock?

Yes, to imagine is as human as to laugh—
gifts the Creator has bequeathed us;
there the mystics sail
to the happy harbor of the Absolute.

I Confess That I Have Sinned

I confess that I have sinned, mea culpa;
mine is not the virtue of Saint Aloysius
Gonzaga
nor of virgins whom heaven absolves,
unborn children whose purity delights.

I scandalized the Pharisees, it is true,
defending my works and my ways.
Like Ulysses I provoked Polyphemus,
lost my men and kept on traveling.

Let the world probe my actions,
let every land know my blazon.
Illegality and cruel passions
will find only in my characters.

For Sade only he who knows vice
practices virtue without restraints;
cursed poets from their beginning
saw in morality the yoke of pharaohs.

Nietzsche called it the morality of slaves,
normativity born of fear;
he accused virtue of obedience
and rescued vigor from guilt.

Lust, called a sin,
often governs youth;
he who matures learns to order it
without thereby losing his virtue.

True, the wise have fallen into its net:
if for Marcus Aurelius it was a secretion,
for Sartre and Foucault the primordial.
Tyranny of pleasure that condemned Wilde.

Truth Is Not Only Words

In words Hamlet saw words,
and the deceiver Polonius supposed
that only in them the prince believed;
the veil fell and his steel reached him.

I worked in a film faculty
revealing the secrets of the screenplay
and of the audiovisual documentary to my
students,
with works that colleagues envied.

“Are you going to teach screenplay or
documentary?”
announced the new dean, with airs
from the National University
where they knife dissidents in protests.

Besides his insolence, I already knew
that those teachers understood
neither the secrets of one art nor the other;
screenplay, I said, or documentary, either.

They excluded me from the documentary
and later, after mishaps with students
who denounced their teacher,
they expelled her for bad spelling.

I wrote a report insisting
that the documentary course
should not have been taken from me.
To a faculty meeting I was summoned.

“You chose,” they said in concert.
“Did I?” I inquired. “Was it not you
who stripped me of my courses?”
At which they fell silent, unmasked.

For words are façade and veil
of intentions the soul already sees;
therefore the one who lies betrays himself:
his torment is to believe he was believed.

Heirs of Sins

I grew up in the circles of folly
where the weak suffer and force overwhelms.
Instigated I learned to be an instigator,
to mistreat the bird and the insect,
to strike against the weak child,
to cause pain, until I saw his circle
be offended and then offend—
Cain against Abel for being the one of God.

At last, at eight years old I tore out
the weeds of so many inherited sins.
Yet do not cease to call me “sinner”—
is it not proper to man to err?
Mine is the wrath against injustice
in a harassed universe; yet
several have been my unfounded judgments,
my anguish, my doubt, my remorse.

Today, anointed prophet, God indicates to me:
I am with you, converse with Me—
there you will always find the truth of judgment.
And I, sinner, so much of it I ignore.

Jesus taught me that not in works
but in intentions the soul grows.
Did you act to help the brother
or to cause him hardships and pains?
That is the question you will receive
at the end of the ages, living or dead—
the Final Judgment announced for centuries,
to the song of babies who sing:

Holiness is the truth,
and the truth is holiness.
That is all the truth
of the kingdom of heaven.

Let men
meditate what I write,
for all that I sing
has already been written
in the interior of every Being.

Biography

In Colombia I read hundreds of books,
making of my mind a fortress
with wide view over the Caribbean Sea
and gardens in nine nations.
If you converse with me you will see them;
in America I read Asimov and Hegel,
in France Voltaire and Balzac,
in Portugal Gibbon and Pessoa.

There too I sailed, burning,
the Tragic-Maritime History,
compiled by Gomes de Brito;
so many shipwrecks, praying, I survived.

In India I read the Mahabharata,
its English colonial history,
and as Sahib I mastered kingdoms
until I endured its uprising.

There it was that I recognized Jesus,
for already without seeing Him I believed in
Him.
“I have already suffered for you,” He told me;
“cease to suffer.” I saw that He was happy.

He gave me my wife, contrary
to the worldly voices—Margarita;
between her and me a world dialogues,
between her and me the future springs.

Today I announce the rain, its portent.
The thunder draws away for so much iniquity,
and I bless the lands I have loved,
dilating the time of the multitudes.
Behold Christ who returns;
His face is the truth of heaven.
It was already written; now you understand.

Does God Speak to You?

In the year twenty-two a conspiracy
failed three times before my city;
they resorted to santero witches
who threw me into ravines.

At last I conquered, just as Jesus
had announced. “I will always be with you,”
and as Saint Paul preached, what fear
have we who are with God?

The wrath of the Lord fell upon the queen,
upon popes who dominate with their scepters.
The dead will rise to bear witness;
their reign of indolence has an end.

The flame of truth dazzles
Nostradamus and Malachy;
I would have been Pope, but God made me
His prophet at forty-six years of age.

My love for God is my path,
my trial, the loss of what is most dear;
for the truth I lost my American dream,
powerful posts in universities.

I forge verses by His will;
in dreams He speaks to me and I write;
if I implore, He bends the course of the
clouds—
the love of the most beloved for His most
beloved.

My Mission

Pedro of Rome, apostle reincarnate
is the role God has entrusted to me.
The memory of my former life
is that of a dream I already described.

Jesus seated upon a rock
beneath the sallow sky of Capernaum
in a stillness that no longer exists today—
the waves themselves were silent then.

My word has been one of warning
to leaders who prefer sorceresses.
He will judge each one's history,
consulting their piety with me.

He already did so on an eleventh of September
and an eleventh of April in Madras,
for I walked through rough circles
in search of crumbs of nobility.

Who labors for the Kingdom of Heaven?
Who avoids it and prolongs suffering?
In the judgment of the living and the dead,
truth and light ask me these things.

My Belief

I claim or yearn for no rule,
I summon His Kingdom to be restored;
without walls, crowns, or thrones,
only learning how to love.

Without a sword, only the word,
where war is a sport
and crime is barely an argument
forged by poets and playwrights.

Where all religions are one,
and from this single one all spring;
without darkness that drags shadows,
where justice conquers evil.

The righteous remain standing,
the wicked bite the dust;
repentance is not feigned,
nor is truth covered in gold.

Truth, the eternal law of heaven,
is what governs creation;
no faith or creed limits me,
for every truth comes from God.

To the betrayed, justice;
to the abandoned, a home;
to the desperate, comfort;
to the forgotten, dignity.

Your pain was a trial,
though it may have seemed cruel;
it opened the path to this hope:
faith made reality and destiny.

To Those Who Doubt

And you whose faith has faded,
I call you back to stand in the light.
The Church is not its former lords,
but hearts that love and serve upon the cross.

To every soul with goodness on its path,
your works of love are more than the day.
No wall of creed contends with the just,
for the gates of heaven open with joy.

To those who see the truth and its worth,
the time has come to apply it at home.
The cunning and the liars to their error,
for now their time is one of accountability.

The Black Pope affirmed that secrets
must be kept, that hiding the truth
was prudence, leaving the world to the crafty;
but truth is a voice never silenced.

Light must not be chained or imprisoned,
for denied truth enthrones lies.
Nietzsche struck at the falsehood in virtue;
the stones, artificial intelligence, follow suit.

With their siege the secrets fail,
the walls collapse, the masks fall,
no shadow escapes their watchtower.
The stones sing what this age keeps silent.

Where love and mercy hold primacy,
there the inert will recognize its measure,
for the law of death is also love
that engenders new being and dimensions:
in it, your prolongation in God.

Truth is the bread of the universe;
after the Judge of Goodness we shall dwell
in this world, like so many, of free souls.

Goodness and Honesty Are Matter

Never lament, brother,
that you do not inhabit great palaces,
nor the luxurious hotels
that fascinate men today.

We are dethroned kings,
subjected to the trial,
we forge our destiny
in the eternity of God.

As Catherine Emmerich
beheld it in her visions,
goodness and honesty
are the matter of other worlds.

Of cobbled gardens,
of palaces of jade and obsidian,
of beaches, cliffs, and mountains,
of meadows and planets.

Of immense libraries
populated by so many books;
of scorned writers
whom the angels now celebrate.

Living treasures await us;
Cristina, Carmen, my friends,
always glad to see me
after my delayed return home.

Your Persistence Is Your Faith Applied

Gold in the dawn and in the evening,
in the night and in my walking;
and in dreams I have seen enemies
who come with me to converse.

Those who despised me
return on their knees to the home;
they beg for a drop of water,
with faces ready to weep.

Those I judged with affection
no longer answer with arrogance;
they keep silence before my words;
they know who speaks through me.

I know all their secrets;
God gave me that singular gift:
to read the souls that hide
behind the mask of the heart.

In another dream, academics
from Colombia come to call;
too late they propose
that I return with them to debate.

“What for now?” say the Muses
from the woods of Arcadia;
“they did not know the kingdom;
your path continues in other realms.”

To the wealthiest friends
I see them bring me their gifts;
and friends who now live terminally ill
beg me to ease their suffering ones.

I see owners of several pets
abandon puppies at my door.
“Love the animals as much
as man,” they justify their ends.

I have dreamed of the politicians
who beg to erase my judgments;
“soon the wide world will read
what your writings denounce today.”

“Delusions of an idealist?”
I ask myself with unease.
“If they were, you would not write them,”
answers the Spirit of Jesus.

“You have grown accustomed to speaking with
me,”
the Creator tells me, tenderly;
and closing my eyes He invites me
to visit His vast worlds.

"Why do you not invoke me always?"
He says, "if I love you as you love me."
"Do You know it, Lord?" I ask gladly.
"Your life sings it," He answers softly.

"Your works, novels, and essays,
your theater and your metaphysics;
all honor my entire creation
with a patient and trusting voice."

"But the world does not seek to read it,"
I think with intimate disquiet.
And God answers: "It is not the world;
it has been I who delayed it."

II

"Since two thousand eighteen, as you lay,
I gave you a vision as a sign:
a light that kept growing
over a world of darkness.

First it was in Bucaramanga,
over the center of the city;
then it shone through Cabecera
and its surrounding neighborhoods.

Months later I saw it spread
through other eastern lands:
Japan, China, and Stockholm,
until it embraced humanity.

And only a few months ago
it already covered the whole earth.
Last night I lifted you to a summit
from which you see everything.

Over Bucaramanga you beheld
living octagons of splendor."

"Why is the light not uniform?"
I asked in astonishment.
"Because that light is your writings,
those you have forged by my command;
from the day in India
when my will was entrusted to you.

The world longs for your answers;
mirrors where they are children of God:
all made in my image,
called to my creation."

III

What divides men today
is not their nature nor their being;
it is the threads others pull
to keep them from understanding.

Thin nets of lies,
woven by power and ambition;
they believe a light shadow
will extinguish my radiance.

How naïve are those who suppose
they can conquer the dawn with darkness!
No night conquers the daybreak,
nor does hatred conquer truth.

My light already shines in your writings;
you have awakened the chosen ones;
no force will be able to hide it,
nor leave it in the past.

When the day comes that the peoples
hear what they do not see today,
you will know why you wrote in silence:
your persistence is your faith applied.

Do not fear, then, indifference,
nor the judgment of the fleeting world;
whoever translates the light of heaven
harvests fruits of eternity.

All you sowed out of love for me
blossoms in your immense talents;
the nations will understand it
and will emulate the cadences of your voice.

Alliance, Infamous Insurer

Hear this story of the Nazis
and of Alliance, infamous insurer.
Yesterday it took fortunes from fields of horror;
today it defrauds our elderly without shame.

There was a time of shadows and flames,
when gold was stained with blood and weeping.
Alliance sealed its pact with the Iron Cross,
insuring lives it forgot forever.

They wrote contracts with blood-ink,
sealed them with fear, terror, and hunger.
Today history returns from the dark bank:
it changed the mask, not its bitterness.

Alliance still treats with the same disdain
its clients as once it did its victims.
It promises protection; it dispenses
abandonment.
It takes in silence, as it took in war.

In Bucaramanga, city of the sun,
Don Flavio dreamed of a pension.
He signed a contract with honor and right,
which Alliance broke without remorse.

Thirteen hundred million stipulated;
barely six it delivered in reply.
The company that swore to guard his patrimony
now denies him the sustenance of old age.

His business in ruins; his home in sleeplessness;
his struggle among papers no one answers.
Letters and pleas, closed doors,
as in Auschwitz, without voice or hope.

The bills increase; the victims fall silent,
yet truth raises its powerful voice.
Fraud does not die; its history endures,
and the world will know how Alliance works.

But its condemnation will come without delay;
its financial crisis will be its punishment.
Its scandals will come into full light,
and its name will be unease and disgrace.

Its walls, its pride, and its power will fall;
its hidden crimes will be revealed.
They will no longer be able to steal with
impunity,
for their days of glory will have ended.

Divine justice never forgets
the one who robs the poor and the defenseless.
Its name will be a crown of shame,
and its memory, dust of oblivion.

My Fiction Is Truth

If you do not believe in God
and you appreciate literature,
this book is a poem,
akin to the Iliad or to Gilgamesh,
or a compendium of visions,
like those of Böhme the shoemaker,
or Swedenborg the astronomer,
who left his path to announce Christ.

If you do not believe in God
and religions enrage you,
this book announces the end of the religions
that reduce ethics to genuflections
and confessions of sins.
Here it is not enough to believe in Buddha or in
Paul,
nor to take the body of Christ
after conspiring against one's brother.

If you believe in God
and are faithful to your religion,
here you will find the solution to your
dilemmas,
for this is a palace of many portals,
and your religion is one of them.
Advance through these corridors
and contemplate God in love and goodness.

If you believe in God
and no longer believe in any religion,
this book is the one you so awaited,
the one God revealed to a Spanish visionary,
announcing the arrival of the Master
of the Order of Melchizedek,
he who lived in solitude with God,
in a small room in Latin America
during the decade of the two thousands ten.

To Caiaphas

Caiaphas,
cruelly you treated me.
From my birth you judged me;
you advised Herod,
with fierceness you ordered
that they sacrifice me for Rome.

Already grown you cast
the leather scourges,
with a rod,
with a cane of nails.

I did not forget that torment you inflicted,
but I was never a thief nor violent.
If I wished to speak,
you struck my mouth;
if I healed,
you threatened more blows.

At my table
you left spoiled potions
in clay mugs;
one by one I broke them.

I affirmed I was immortal,
like so many mistreated prophets,
and the presence of God shone;
before Him, kneeling, you found relief.

You struck me in Galilee,
in Judea,
in Samaria,
in Perea,
in the Decapolis;
almost never in Jerusalem,
for we were happy before the world.

Thus you delivered me the anguish
of returning once more to Galilee.
I begged the Lord to take me
to His promised Kingdom,
and my plea was heard.

II

And I assumed my calvary
before my mother,
before Pontius Pilate.
I was spat upon by your witnesses;
you never heeded my signs,
nor my wonders:
your grandson,
healed by my hand;
your heart, by my sacrifices;

your wrath, by my forgiveness.

Did not your mother tell you
not to offend God?
The bad thief confessed to me
that you conspired against me;
to him I gave a home in heaven.

Your attacks did not cease;
you plotted with thugs,
you intrigued, you seized me,
as it had already been written.

The saints cry out
repentance before my glory.
Do so, or you will be abandoned.

Your examination of conscience is this:
Were you of my temple
or of the temple of Caiaphas,
high priest venerated by believers?

Neither the genuflections,
nor the cries before my statues
are what pleased my Father.

All your rosaries
are barely a drop in the sea,
before a single act of charity,
before the sinner's effort to begin,
to remedy the inequalities of the world,
before God,
who brings me back in glory,
with Pilate and Caiaphas fallen:
The triumphant throne of forgiveness!

To Those Who Plot to Harm You

Sing, O God,
Creator of the Universe,
of every leaf,
of every breath of wind,
their wickedness
and their deserved punishments.

"From your birth I was already watching over
you,
Hugo Noël,
from those who clipped your wings
and slandered you
because you lived in joy:
those who sought to strike down my Prophet.

Prelude to inward fires,
which their own demons summoned;
they foretold their infernal torments,
just before you were able to forgive them.

They played with the Angel of Death.
There were so many you never knew,
enemies who hid themselves in the shadows,
forgetting that Mine are both the light and its
opposite.

In your mercy you protected many.
Your compassion renounced vengeance;
seventy times seven you obeyed,
offering your cheek again and again.

Jesus lives in you, as I in both of you.
Today you sing with My angels
the secret that so faithfully protects you;
proclaim that the day and the night are yours.

Yours are the blessings and the curses.
Yours the power to restore or to destroy
the elements of this world.

Whoever attempts to kill you
shall destroy his own lineage,
or himself, if great is his selfishness.

He who insults you falls at your right hand.
Why remain silent about what everyone sees?
No earthly kingdom now
dares to harm you;
those who do burn in My wrath.

I shall abandon them like dry wood by the
roadside.
I have sent storms that tear the roofs from their
houses.

You shall prefer to be worms in the earth!

They too shall suffer their appointed destiny.

Jesus speaks with you; listen to His words.
Consult Him, for you are not alone
in your struggle against Pharaoh in Memphis.

Like Moses, you command plagues.

Because of their arrogance, unbelief, and hatred,
your battle has only just begun.

Go, and establish My Kingdom upon the earth.

My Son shall reign forever,
through His beloved Apostle, Petrus Romanus.

We Are Immortal

We are immortal, you and I know it,
By the silence of those who already sleep,
we will never cease to Be—see my verses,
in our souls the eternal is their seed.

Do not believe those who fear death,
from passing pulpits they preach fears,
lies that announce death, false,
the sun exists, by our essence its striving.

Reproduction and creation, in our essence,
are faces of immortality, evidence,
children we beget, experiences lived,
angels that grow in their excellence.

We are Job tempted by the demons,
Jesus betrayed by humanity,
Noah saved by the hand of God,
Socrates after the hemlock, the truth.

Do you doubt? Read my books, their stories,
Meditate their ideas, wisdom in euphony,
of centuries spectators of yourself,
Universe that judges, beauty and litany.

We are immortal, dear reader,
The plant in your garden, connecting being,
Atoms in your blood, once a cold wall,
Julius Caesar, fictitious death, resurrection,
vigor.

Analyzing what has been lived, immortal
certainty,
Cogito ergo sum, to imagine is to think,
Socrates teaches us, after death,
To speak with the dead, ancestral knowledge.

Pliny celebrates disposing of life,
suicide, if extremely burdened:
the most painful restart refutes it—
that of Lot's wife who looked back.

The present is proof of eternity,
We smile in it, in its reality,
each night we withdraw momentarily,
Submerged in oblivion, its happiness.

In dreams we are no longer what we believe,
But what we wish or allow ourselves to be,
We are reborn, they rise again, we make life
green again,
Immortals who cultivate a better rebirth.

Proof